

CATHOLIC *Interracialist*



WITHOUT INTERRACIAL JUSTICE SOCIAL JUSTICE WILL FAIL

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66

10 Cents

Views of the Month

Pope Watches Harlem Globetrotters Play

CASTELGANDOLFO—His Holiness Pope Pius XII witnessed an impromptu display of basketball technique when the Harlem Globetrotters, famed Negro team from the United States, called to pay their respects to the Pontiff at his summer residence here.

The Pope received the Negro players in the Sala Clementina and was presented with a shiny new basketball signed by all the members of the squad. He told them he has heard much about them and said he was curious about the game of basketball, which he had never seen.

The squad immediately volunteered to put on a display. The fact that the audience chamber had no court or baskets did not hamper them in passing and dribbling the newly-autographed ball to one another, spinning it around on one finger, and giving other examples of their extraordinary skill. Smiling and pleased, the Pope was obviously much impressed by the five-minute performance.

"These young men are certainly very clever," His Holiness told coach Abe Saperstein.

At the close of the audience, the Pope chatted briefly with the team members and their wives and extended them his blessing.

Saginaw Forms 20th Cath. Interracial Council

SAGINAW, MICH.—Another stride has been taken in the American Catholic interracial movement with the recent formation of a Catholic Interracial Council in Saginaw. This group, built around a nucleus of white and Negro members of St. Joseph's parish and embracing representatives from twenty Saginaw parishes, comprises the 20th group of its kind to be formed in the United States.

(Indianapolis, Ind., now has the 21st Council—Ed.)

Negroes Flout Race Laws—Jailed

JOHANNESBURG SOUTH AFRICA—The civil disobedience campaign by non-whites against the racial segregation laws of this country has spread to many South African cities.

More than two thousand persons have been jailed since the campaign of non-violent defiance of "apartheid" began on June 26th under the leadership of the African National Congress and the South African Indian Congress.

Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru's governing Congress party has announced from New Delhi, its decision to organize India-wide processions and meetings to agitate against the race laws of South Africa. Mr. Nehru is to speak at one mass meeting.

Short Housing Causes Bombing, Southerners Say

ROCK HILL, S. C.—Bigotry and blighted housing too often breed bombings, according to the Catholic Committee of the South and five other Southern organizations.

"More often than not, real estate interests and fearful white home owners have joined forces to bar the development of suburban expansion areas for Negroes," the statement said.

"Hemmed in on one hand by burgeoning business districts and on the other by older white neighborhoods, Negroes have had no choice but to seek a block by block conversion of older housing from white to Negro occupancy. It is this desperate transition process which breeds conflict."

The statement noted that over

40 bombings have been perpetrated by terrorists in the South since the start of 1951. "Most of these depredations," it said, "have grown out of racial and religious tensions" — principally from tensions centering about housing.

Southern leaders of the Catholic Committee of the South, The Anti-Defamation League, the Urban League, the Southern Regional Council, the NAACP, and the Texas Council of Negro Organizations, called for:

1. Better police handling of housing tensions.
2. Truly representative planning bodies.
3. New expansion areas for those inadequately housed.
4. More adequate provisions for slum clearance and public housing.

Priest Induced Dodgers to Hire Negro

NEW YORK, N. Y.—How a group led by a priest induced the Brooklyn Dodgers to become the first major league baseball club to sign a Negro player was reviewed at a forum of the Catholic Interracial Council of New York.

Joe Bostic, radio sports announcer, ring official, and sports editor of the New York Amsterdam News, told the story of the experiment which proved that American sportsmanship is a stronger force than racial prejudice.

The committee headed by Msgr. Raymond Campion of Brooklyn, and composed of white and non-white members, won over skeptical club officials when Msgr. Campion stated "If my white and Negro parishioners can kneel together in harmony at God's altar, then white and Negro ballplayers can get along together on the diamond and in the clubhouse."

Big Teammates Help Him in New Orleans

Negro Football Star Scores Racial Injustice

By **JOHN G. W. MAHANNA**
Lou Montgomery, Boston College football star of a decade ago, appealed to persons of all

racess and religions, "especially Catholics, to help the Negro get his eternal salvation, just as you want to get yours," in an ad-

dress delivered to the Holy Name Society of Sacred Heart Church recently.

(Continued on Pages 2 and 7)



(By Courtesy of the Berkshire Evening Eagle, Pittsfield, Mass.)

A LITTLE RIBBING: Lou Montgomery, second from right, former Boston football star, appears to be enjoying the good-natured ribbing he is giving Rev. John P. Donahue of Sacred Heart Church, a Holy Cross graduate, while reminiscing over some of the football clashes between the two colleges. Lou addressed the Holy Name Society of Sacred Heart Church, Pittsfield, Mass., recently. At left is Marcell B. Williams of Jamaica, British West Indies, who came here with Lou, and at right is James P. McGurk, president of the society.

Inquiring Reporter Asks:

"How Will Negroes Vote in November?"

By **William Kingslow**

A three-day census conducted by the Catholic Interracialist among the Negro voters of Chicago indicates that the bulk of the Negro vote will go Democratic this fall, but the Stevenson-Sparkman ticket and civil rights planks leave much to be desired.

Many persons interviewed agreed with New York Representative Adam Clayton Powell who said he would sit this election out as a campaigner. He accused Rep. Dawson of "Uncle Tomming civil rights right out of the window" as the only Negro on the resolutions committee.

Judson Hughes, 3925 Calumet Ave., a steel worker, said, "We Negroes might just as well have had Herman Talmadge representing us on the resolutions committee as Dawson. I'll vote for Adlai, but I want no funny business."

"At one of these conventions it's going to reach the point that either the Dixiecrats walk out for keeps, or I do," said Purvis Dickson, 4617 Dearborn St., a soup factory worker, "I don't act hastily, but when I do act, many others usually act, too."

Peace, Bread, and Land!

Several persons said that they have had enough compromise already, and plan to cast their votes elsewhere, either with the Republican Party out of protest,

or with the tainted Progressive Party.

One young man who refused to give his name said that the Progressive Party has convinced him that the other two parties represent the "big boys" who depend on segregation and war to remain in control. "When either the Democrats or the Republicans figure out a way to lick war, unemployment, and class oppression with their present methods, I'll go along with them. In the meantime they are poison," he said.

Jean Garrett, 4442 South Parkway, a research clerk, said that each time she reads where the Republicans call Stevenson a tool of Truman's, the more she likes the Illinois governor because "Harry is the best ever."

"Stevenson is too smart a politician to commit himself along certain lines at this stage, but I'm sure he'll go along with the program," said James Stevens, 6547 St. Lawrence Ave., a bus driver. "Sparkman, they tell me, is a liberal. But what kind of liberal, outside of the lip service liberal, votes against F.E.P.C.?"

The Democratic Process

"Let the Dixiecrats holler," said Betty Carter, 4910 Langley ave., a clerk. "They've been yapping off at the mouth trying to block progress ever since F.D.R. came into office. We've got to play ball under the democratic process where each man must have his say. Conditions will continue to get better for all Americans simply because the Communist propaganda in Asia, Africa, and South America is sweeping all our dirt out into the light, and as a result conditions will improve regardless of who is in the White House."

Theodore Williams, 5323 Calumet, a buffer, said that the Democrats proved to him during the convention that "they think the Negro vote is in the bag. I am strongly tempted to vote Republican this fall just to keep the Democrats on the ball."

A landowner, Edward Johnson, who gave his address as "somewhere in the Twentieth Ward," was one of the few persons contacted who pledged his vote for Eisenhower. He explained that he had been a Republican all of his life because Lincoln was a Republican and "Lincoln," he said, "freed the slaves." Although he was originally a Taft man, Johnson thinks Eisenhower, "although a me-tooer, will be better than that gang of socialists we have in there now."

CATHOLIC INTERRACIALIST

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Our Purpose



THE PURPOSE of the Catholic Interracialist is

A. TO REAFFIRM both the human dignity and rights of all men and the profound unity among all men established by our common Creator and Savior and our common Brother.

B. TO HELP Friendship House's practical effort to bring the spirit of Christ's justice and love to bear on the attitudes, laws, customs, and institutions of our time inasmuch as they have been corrupted by racial prejudice and hatred and discrimination, and the lives of men and women, Negro and white, have for that reason been degraded.

Church Celebrates Catholic Bible Week

JOHANN GUTENBERG, a Catholic layman of Mainz, Germany, 500 years ago printed the first book from movable type. Such an important new technique should be used on the most important book. So he printed the Latin Vulgate Edition of the Bible. St. Jerome had translated this when the Roman Empire was falling before the barbarians.

To celebrate this important occasion, Catholic Bible Week is being celebrated from September 28 to October 5. The feast of St. Jerome falls on September 30.

We like the Knox English version very much even though we have only two of the three volumes of the complete Bible in that version and some of us still prefer a "valiant" woman to a "vigorous" woman. At our staff Gospel inquiries someone often asks, "What does Knox say?" Often light then dawns.

For reading the best-seller, the Bible, the Holy Father offers an indulgence, a remission of part of the punishment due for our sins. This reading is a very profitable, and even enjoyable, way to spend a quarter of an hour, we think, especially the New Testament, Isaiah during Advent, and both he and Jeremiah in Holy Week. Such tremendous people as we find in the Bible—David, Abraham, Tobias and especially his angel, our Lord and His people, with the Holy Spirit inspiring it all! A blessing on Gutenberg and all the printers who helped give this Book of Books to us and also to the long-dead scribes and monks and nuns who copied it laboriously and beautifully, passing it on to us.

On Friendship House

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE is a society of apostolic laymen approved by their bishop, living a common life.

THE PURPOSE of Friendship House is to stand witness in the face of American racism to the sublime doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.

THE MEANS of standing witness are the spreading of the Word of God especially on racism and the practice of the Love of God especially among races.

THE SPREADING of the word is accomplished in the face of American racism in speaking and writing the Truth that the Mystical Body of Christ, the Church, is above race.

THE PRACTICE of love is accomplished in the face of American racism in joining Christ in the Negro poor and in serving Christ in all the poor.—James Counahan.

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD

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"Who Is Like God" Says Fighting Archangel

THE HEBREW MEANING of the name Michael is, "Who is like God?", so St. Michael the Archangel is well named since it was he who led the other good angels against Lucifer and his followers and with a divine fury drove them into hell.

Lucifer, not content with being the highest angel in all the heavens wanted to be God. Michael, lower in the heavenly hierarchy, never-the-less showed him a thing or two. You can almost hear him crying in a voice of thunder as he lashed at Lucifer with his flaming sword, "Who is like God?"

Lucifer, the "bearer of light," no longer deserved this title after his revolt so he has been renamed "Satan" which in He-

brew means "adversary" or "enemy." Michael will be at his job of driving Satan and his stooges into hell until doomsday because, though they are forever locked out of heaven they still "wander through the world seeking the ruin of souls." Daily after Mass with the priest we implore holy Michael to "drive into hell Satan and the other evil spirits."

We Ignore the Devil

Yes, practicing Catholics know



Readers Write

Christopher Approves

Chicago, Ill.

Dear People:

Just received my second copy of the Catholic Interracialist and I think it's about time I gave you a hearty slap on the back for publishing a magazine with such high idealistic and spiritual motives.

For many years I have backed my stand against racial prejudice by talking—ending up usually with loud, unfriendly arguments. This, I have belatedly found out, is the wrong approach. Not only do people become more set in their own beliefs, foolish as they may be, but they think you are a radical of the hopeless sort. In just two issues of your paper I have absorbed more sense and logic than I have read in a long time. The teachings of Jesus, the Ten Commandments, the wonderful doctrines that made the U.S. possible, the speeches and writings of men like Lincoln, Jefferson and other great men have to be firmly instilled in prejudiced people, as in the rest of us, before a good healthy start can be made toward overcoming the color problem. It is too bad your paper will not be read by prejudiced people. But it con-

tributes greatly by helping us who are for all peoples. It not only entrenches more firmly our beliefs but it gives us ideas on how to combat prejudice and hate.

While your paper is Christian in its approach I think, humbly, that you could add to your platform—giving you A, B, and C:

(Refers to "OUR PURPOSE" on upper left of this page. Ed.)

C. To further the principles of the Christopher movement by combatting the evils of Communism, Socialism, Fascism, etc.

Keep up the splendid work.

Yours in Christ,

Gerald Robinett

(1. Leave our paper where prejudiced people may see it.

2. If men understand from our platform "the human dignity and rights of all men and the profound unity among all men established by our common Creator and our common Brother" they will not practice the evils you mention, as well as secularism, materialism, bearing false witness against neighbors and other bad things which observance of the Ten Commandments would prevent.—Ed.)

the prayer to St. Michael by heart but most of us just sort of ignore the devil. The modern world looks upon Satan as a mediaeval legendary figure. Catholics are embarrassed to contradict it lest they be called mediaeval themselves. Besides, it is uncomfortable to think about the devil. Charles Moeller, in his introduction to that very informative and somewhat frightening book, SATAN, writes, "Personal being though he is, the devil's trump card is his anonymity: his chef-d'oeuvre is the belief that he does not exist." In other words when you don't know the enemy is around it is easy for him to sneak up on you.

The "wickedness and snares of the devil" are something to be on the lookout for. But we have a powerful protector against him in our friend St. Michael.

Michael is the protector of the Church just as in pre-Christian times he was protector of the Synagogue. His name is mentioned four times in scripture, twice in the Old Testament in Daniel and twice in the new, in the Epistle of St. Jude and in the Apocalypse. There are several other passages in scripture where, though his name is not mentioned it is more or less assumed that he is the angel referred to. Michaelmas daisies are so named because they bloom on his feast day.

ON SEPTEMBER 29 we celebrate the feast of the dedication of St. Michael, the Archangel. Formerly this feast was dedicated to all the angels but about 530 Pope Boniface II chose that date to dedicate a church in Rome to St. Michael.

St. Michael doesn't spend all his time fighting devils. For one thing all our guardian angels are under his direction which is quite a big job in itself. He is one of the many patrons of the sick and when a Christian dies we implore him to introduce him into heaven. In fact, like all the saints you can call on him for just about anything. But don't forget that daily prayer to him to protect you against the devil.

Virginia Sobotka

Negro Football Star

(Continued from Page 1)

Montgomery, who became a convert to Catholicism three years ago, now resides in Hartford, Conn., where he is active with St. Benedict's Center in the Hartford diocese, working through an interracial council for justice and equality of rights for the colored people of this country.

Admitting that conditions in the North are not as bad as in the South, the onetime B.C. grid star didn't pull any punches when he explained to his audience of about 150 men that "right down in Connecticut we have our troubles with housing and employment for the Negro." Real estate men are responsible for "these restricted covenants around Hartford and it isn't right when you realize that, according to the Catholic doctrine 'all men are equal in the eyes of God.'"

Grateful to Catholicism

"I am grateful for what Catholicism has done for me and my people," Montgomery declared, but, "we should do more."

Lou explained that he got his first taste of discrimination after graduating from a high school near Newton. He was refused admittance to a public restaur-

(Continued on Page 7)

Lay Apostolate with a Light Touch Load That Plate, Lift That Fork!

(Reprinted by kind permission of INTEGRITY)
by Lucile Hasley

I GUESS YOU MIGHT say that my personal contribution to Negro advancement has been eating. For the past five years, I—on behalf of racial justice and understanding—have been steadily eating my way through calorie-loaded salmon rings, hot pecan rolls, shrimp creole, fudge cake, Hungarian kiefies, pizza pie, and various other exotic delicacies that would make Integrity blanch. (Integrity, I'm beginning to suspect, is not exactly on the side of gluttony and soft living. They've taken the high road; I've taken the low road; and small wonder if they reach Scotland afore me. Can't travel fast on an overloaded stomach, you know.)*

The point remains that there's practically no delicious delicacy that I won't eat, for the love of Christ and His Mystical Body, and let no one sneer at my apostolate. As my girlish figure grows less and less girlish, I can't for the life of me see that I'm one whit less heroic than the more ascetic type of apostle. Just enjoying my heroism more, that's all.

Perhaps I should make clear, however, that the constitution of our Blessed Martin group in South Bend, where all this interracial feasting takes place, does not officially list food as its prime purpose in life. Rather, our constitution has all the high-minded and breathless beauty of the Gettysburg Address. Neither is Duncan Hines, that gourmet of the U. S. highways, our patron saint. Neither is it because of our eating prowess that our tiny pioneer group was recently nominated as an entry for the national one thousand dollar Lane Bryant award for "exceptional voluntary efforts to advance the welfare of the community." Not exceptional efforts to advance the girth of the community, you understand, but its welfare.

In brief, there is method in our gastronomical madness. And if my readers can quit drooling over that shrimp creole and fudge cake for a few minutes, I'll be happy to explain everything.

Notre Dame Student from Nigeria Says . . . "That's Why I Have Come . . . To Help My People"

"THAT'S WHY I have come, not so much to get a degree or for personal gain, but to go back and help my people. It is they who have sent me here."

The speaker was a little man with a broad smile, Michael Udo Akpan, 26-year-old Nigerian student at Notre Dame University. Educated by Irish mission priests, he spent four years as a student-teacher at St. Charles training college. He taught for several years at the Catholic Mission at Calabar, Nigeria. He was chosen by his Tribal Council to study in the United States. Against much opposition, he wanted to come to a Catholic college as he believes religion is a very important thing for his people's welfare.

Wife Should Come, Too!

THE BLESSED MARTIN de Porres Club in South Bend (The story of its formation is told in Lucile Hasley's "Load That Plate! Lift That Fork!" in this issue.) decided that his wife should come here to do for the women what Michael could do for the men. So they raised money for her trip here. They are now guaranteeing her maintenance in South Bend. She is studying health, sewing and

Once upon a time I belonged to a sternly ascetic Catholic study group composed of Notre Dame faculty wives. It was a very zealous-for-Christian-wisdom little group and it was really a shame therefore when we met with an untimely end. (Moral: Don't bite off more than you can chew, even if you do belong to the Superior White Race. We bit off a goodly sized hunk of Saint Thomas Aquinas, with no one to assist us in the chewing maneuvers, and this was our undoing. The group folded up from sheer exhaustion.)

Yet for some of us, in spite of our weakened condition, there remained a nostalgic sense of loss. It had been a good group, hadn't it, until Aquinas came along?

Then, one fine day, several of us nostalgic souls happened to hear the Chicago Friendship House Director give a lecture on race discrimination and segregation. She must have been fairly eloquent because, before she'd even left town, my friend Katie Dooley and I had concocted what we felt was the greatest little scheme since Lincoln freed the slaves.

Food for Thought

The Friendship House lady appeared to think otherwise. She seemed to think that Katie and I, with our raw and reckless enthusiasm and no experience, would probably set the Cause back a good ten years. Not to mention setting off some very fine race riots.

Our little scheme was simply to kill two birds with one stone. First bird: we were getting lonesome for the word of God and would like to start another study

group. Second bird: we would make it a mixed membership—half white, half colored—and thus put that word of God into action. Moreover, we would hold our fortnightly meetings in EACH OTHER'S HOMES—not a safe neutral ground like a church basement—and make it a real acceptance all the way round. If colored women trooping into our homes proved a bad jolt to the neighbors, in our restricted white neighborhoods, it would be a good bad jolt. And this jab at segregation, however puny, was something not even Friendship House workers could imitate. We had the edge on the professionals because we had private homes to fling open. We also, if I may say so, were fairly respectable and solid citizens and wouldn't be brushed off by the cynical as either "paid social workers" or "radical religious crackpots." Just local citizens gone slightly berserk, shall we say?

As to all the hundred and one touchy situations and complications that would no doubt arise among ourselves—such as the difference in backgrounds and education—well, we figured that the thing to do was just to close our eyes, make the sign of the cross, and jump in. What man, by just taking thought, can infallibly predict what the morrow will bring? No man. Not even Gabriel Heatter.

The main drawback to this beautiful application of Abandonment was that we didn't have even a nodding acquaintance with any colored women. (There were certainly none to nod at in my parish church.) We could scarcely run an ad in the local Tribune: "Wanted, a half-dozen Catholic colored women who would like to become friends with a half-dozen Catholic white women." But wait! Might not Father Vincent Thilman, the white C.S.C. pastor of Saint Augustine's church, be game to round up some equally game souls among his colored flock?

He was not only game but enthusiastic. So over a luncheon table (already I was beginning my eating apostolate!) we laid the groundwork. He, brave crea-

Blessed Martin Statue Unveiled



ture, offered to be our chaplain and faithfully attend all meetings and, after that magnificent gesture, the Friendship House lady gave us her rather shaky blessings. ("It's a lovely idea, just lovely. It's just that it's never been tried before and I—um—ah—well, the Holy Ghost be with you.")

But the Holy Ghost and Blessed Martin must surely have been hovering solicitously over that first meeting we held in Katie's living room in Harter Heights. As Katie has described it elsewhere: "The colored women brought what one of them later described as a certain amount of apprehension and a great deal of reserve. The white women brought a somewhat nervous desire to be gracious and an even more nervous fear of being distastefully overgracious. All of us brought blundering good will and a sincere determination to do something about racial understanding. These awkward gifts were accepted by the powers-that-be and, in return, we were handed a totally unexpected boon: the gift of laughter."

Birth of Mirth

It was that laughter—based perhaps on everyone's jumpy and yet goodnatured awareness that we were treading on egg

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

—A statue of Blessed Martin de Porres, Dominican lay brother and wonderworker of 16th-century Lima, Peru, was recently unveiled at the Monastery of the Angels in Hollywood, California, by Dr. Thomas Roy Payton, Negro physician and author. Rev. Matthew Osbourn, O.P., gave a talk on the life of Blessed Martin.

Gemma d'Auria executed the statue in red terra cotta in life size. The bag which Blessed Martin is carrying would contain healing herbs or possibly food or drink. On his left arm he is carrying linen cloths in which he wrapped fever victims. The statue is valued at \$1,500.

shells—that really launched us. Someone pulled a boner and, in the spontaneous shout of convulsive mirth that went up, the tension evaporated into thin air for keeps. Over the past five years, I would say that this quick and easy humor on both sides, that keeps forever bubbling to the surface, has been the chief characteristic of our group. What an almost miraculous blessing was this: that in a hastily assembled and ill-matched group of strangers we didn't draw a single Bellicose Bertha or Gloomy Gertie! Still, I don't think they could have stayed that way for long with a priest like Father Thilman around. He's the sort of person who—when he's tickled, which is frequently—gives a sharp helpless howl and slaps his leg like the end man of a minstrel show. (An expression that would have made me bite my tongue in those early race-conscious days but now, glory be, would pass unnoticed. Which shows how far we've come along the way of friendship. Another indication is the way we "insult" and goof each other about individual and feminine failings: the acid test that makes or breaks.)

The other great blessing to befall us Babes in the Woods, along with the gift of impolite mirth and our wise and delightful chaplain, was our decision not to take up—in businesslike fashion—the race problem. (It was our smarter colored sisters who voted against it, even though we'd already invested in a textbook by Father LaFarge.) Instead, we decided to meet on just as sisters under the skin basis: Catholic wives, mothers, and homemakers. This was a wondrously wise move, as it turned out, for in this way the inevitable race grievances came up naturally and not in a forced or self-conscious or too belligerent fashion.

Public Life

Up until this past year, our group shunned publicity of any sort—after all, we had first to prove ourselves—but now we are venturing forth. We feel (somewhat reluctantly, for our nest is warm and cozy) that the time has come to appear as witnesses. For instance, we showed up at an all day Civic Rights Institute—sponsored by Jews, Catholics, and Protestants—in a local Methodist church. This Institute was a very worthwhile first step in the right direction (I kept telling myself all day) but it also tried my spirit sorely. My bored spirit had a hard time remembering that there had been a first step for me, too.

Everyone spouted elegantly but vaguely on good will and citizenship and brotherhood (carefully ignoring anything spiritual but pumping the citi-

(Continued on Page 6)

Bishop Visits Nigerians in South Bend



From left to right: Mrs. Eleanor Engels; Mr. and Mrs. Michael Akpan; Bishop Moynagh of Calabar, Nigeria; Mrs. Joseph R. Thilman, mother of Rev. Vincent C. Thilman, C.S.C., who is next in line and pastor of St. Augustine's Church in South Bend; Mrs. John Burke, manager of Aquinas Library, South Bend; and Mrs. Lucile Hasley, author of "Reproachfully Yours" and "Load That Plate, Lift That Fork!" on this page. Mrs. Engels, Mrs. Burke and Mrs. Hasley are members of the Martin de Porres Club, the story of which is told in Mrs. Hasley's article.

modern methods of homemaking.

Unemployment is the bane of Nigeria, along with American movies and magazines, Michael believes. So he plans to bring back practical knowledge of industries which he will be able to establish such as the dairy industry and dry cleaning. He plans to work during the sum-

mer in one of these industries to gain on-the-job training.

Nigerian Bishop Visits

MR. AND MRS. AKPAN were delighted when their bishop, Most Rev. James Moynagh, came to visit them at Notre Dame. He also is keenly interested in helping his people. He hopes that cattle raised indoors might be protected from the tsetse fly. He believes that the

fast pace of life in American cities is very harmful. "Very few people have time to sit down and read something serious," he says. But Michael and Grace Akpan are finding time.

(Anyone who wishes to help Grace during her stay in this country may send contributions to Mrs. James Armstrong, 1049 N. Johnson St., South Bend, Indiana.)

Virginia Retreat, Classes, Crops MARIALAACH FARM Burnley, Va.

Our staff retreat closed with a triumphant "Christus Vincit" Christ Conquers! Noisy hilarity broke forth over the flapjacks. The retreat was obviously a huge success as we swapped tales with our Harlem brethren who made the retreat with us.

The chapel is what did it. Imagine having your very own chapel for a retreat! The early morning sunlight came through the cracks as well as through the windows. The improvised benches and the rough brick floor were a bit uncomfortable.

Recalls Primitive Church

But we love it! The whole unfinished effect gave us such a feeling of early Christian unity that we almost hope the chapel won't get too much improving. There was nothing there but the Mass. Our whole attention must focus on the Sacrifice at the altar.

We didn't get the lights connected in time, but the candle-lit chapel for Benediction at night, after picking our way up the hill in the dark, cast upon this oft-repeated religious act a stark new reality.

We sang the Mass every morning. Can't say how well, but we sang. Even had a Corpus Christi procession.

Excellent Summer School Speakers

Now for the Summer School. Much of the food is here—potatoes, beans, cucumbers, even tomatoes. We also have some terrific speakers.

Father A. L. Winkler and Helen McDaniel are long-time workers in the lay apostolate in Columbus, Ohio, and also in the interracial field. They coordinated their material for our first session.

Rev. Paul Byron has done much to improve race relations in the South through his work on the Catholic Committee of the South. From the Trapp family he learned delightful songs which we tried to sing. Margaret Garrity has been a stronghold for interracial justice in the National Catholic Welfare Conference in Washington, D. C.

Helen Caldwell Day, author of "Color Ebony", took time out from her day nursery in Memphis, Tennessee, to come to our last session.

National Director On Hand

Since this is our FIRST summer school, Betty Schneider was

here for the first two sessions to give us a good start and to throw in some of her own practical wisdom gained from many years in Friendship House.

We still need workers to help get the farm in shape. The chapel still needs a lot of work. The loft needs some mosquito proofing, the fellows tell us who sleep there. We have high hopes of getting a floor down to do a little recreational stamping on.

P. S. Hoeing is awfully good for the waistline and the weeds grow so abundantly in our garden!

Betty Delaney

Portland Archbishop Blesses Friendship House BLESSED MARTIN FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

3310 N. Williams Avenue
Portland, Oregon

MOVING and settling down in our new location during the past two months, we were constantly reminded of God's good-

ness in sending us such wonderful volunteers. We were made conscious, more than ever, of the important role the volunteer

D. C. and Harlem F.H. Staffs on Retreat



Front row, left to right—Muriel Zimmermann, Florence Hassing, Mary Ryan, Matthew Maesle, Mary Houston, Anne Foley, Betty Delaney, Jean Rogers, Charles Slack. Back row—James Guinan, Thomas O'Meara, a seminarian who came to help, Julia Pyles, Virginia Whalen, Fr. Xavier, Virginia Sobotka, Bernadette Praetz, Maureen O'Sullivan, Patricia Kelly.

How F. H. Work Is Supported and Carried On

CHICAGO FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

4233 So. Indiana Avenue

Chicago 15, Ill.

"HOW ARE YOU FINANCED?" is a question visitors to Friendship House frequently ask. When we explain that we are supported entirely by donations, the reaction is usually one of amazement—if not downright disbelief.

We can understand our visitors' surprise. It is amazing that Friendship Houses, with expenses of hundreds of dollars

each month, have existed in New York for 15 years, in Chicago for 10 years, in Washington for four, and in Portland for one. All this time without ever knowing for sure that the Houses would be able to stay open next week or the week after that.

Amazing, too, that there have been staff workers to run the Houses, when you realize that

the staff is made up entirely of lay people, with no formal vow or promise to obligate them to stay.

As we look back over the summer just past, these thoughts strike us more forcibly than ever. Last May we had no money for June rents . . . not even enough money to pay postage on our semi-annual begging letter. But the rents and the postage money came in, the begging letter went out; and through the summer we have been able to meet the room rents each month, to feed the staff, to send over 50 of our kids to camp for two weeks, and to take the kids who came to our "day camp" on two day-long bus trips. How wonderfully God in His Providence provides for us, through the many generous people who give to Friendship House! We go into the fall program with a renewed realization of how privileged we are to be stewards of these donations.

50 Kids on a Bus Trip

EVER TAKE 50 KIDS on a bus trip? If you haven't, "you haven't lived," the Casita counsellors assure us. Quite frankly we're willing to take their word for it. But all the children (and the counsellors, too) have thoroughly enjoyed the trips to Maryknoll Seminary in Glen Ellyn and the Divine Word Seminary in Techny. A full day in the country, with plenty of green fields to roam in and a pond for fishing and wading—what could be a finer treat for children whose play yard is

plays in Friendship House's work of restoring the world to Christ. There was joy in abundance during those days of hard work, and added to this was a real charity. Though there was a healthy divergence of opinions as to what should be where, and how much more paint it would take to do the doors, vols and staff alike showed a genuine reverence for the other's point of view. The volunteers' love and service have been a tremendous inspiration to the staff.

Archbishop Howard Blesses F.H.

JULY 14 WILL always be a memorable day for Portland F. H. His Grace, Archbishop Edward D. Howard, blessed our House that day and spoke to us and our guests of the urgent need for the Lay Apostolate over the world. He especially commended Friendship House, its staff and volunteers for their unceasing efforts in spreading Christ's love and justice to all men. His Grace stated that there is a happiness, joy and peace in being a volunteer worker in this kind of apostolate. He said if he were a lay person he could think of nothing he would rather do than to devote the rest of his life to this kind of work. He told us how people have looked for happiness in material things in the world and that it never has been found there and never will. His Grace said "It is only when you engage in Christ-work that you can find

Archbishop Howard Blesses F.H.



Archbishop Edward D. Howard of Portland, O.P., with a group at the Blessed Martin Friendship House. Back row—Marie Brooks; His Grace; Fr. Donnelly, as Rosary Church and spiritual director to St. Mrs. Estelle Bagner. Front row—Gayle Darryle Ann Brooks.

usually the sidewalks or a rubble-filled vacant lot?

"Mr. John's" Helpers
There have been a number of

Visiting
John's
children's
ing, Volu



FRIENDSHIP HOUSES

his joy, peace and happiness which Christ talked about." The Archbishop's blessing and stirring words of encouragement struck us forcefully and we are sincerely grateful to him for all that he has done to help make our stay in Portland a most happy one.

We were pleasantly surprised at our Open House by visits from John Cort, who writes for "Commonweal," and Ed Marcinlak, editor of "Work". Ed was in town long enough to be present with us at our Communion Mass and breakfast and gave us a stimulating talk on "The Responsibilities of the Layman in Labor."

Kids Paint St. Francis' Canticle

OUR DAY CAMP for the children of the neighborhood is in session now. The children have just completed painting a mural of St. Francis' "Canticle to Brother Sun," which was followed by a dramatization of the same. They may never be Michael Angelos or Sarah Bernhardt, but, oh, what wonderful imaginations! One can't help but gain a tremendous spirit of love and joy from working with them.

Young Christian Students Active

PAUL BLUMELE, our good friend and volunteer, of the University of Oregon, spoke at the Blanchet House of Hospitality Forum on the Young Christian Student movement. He helped us see that the student

has a definite vocation and that the needs in a student's life are the basis of this specialized Catholic Action movement for students. YCS is comparatively new to the West Coast but it has taken a strong hold. With so many students vitally interested in restoring the academic community to Christ, there is every reason for optimism. Paul plans to join the YCS staff in Chicago this fall. We hope you will join us in our prayers and best wishes to him in this new endeavor.

Fr. Porter Encouraging

WE RECEIVED A REAL "shot in the arm" this month when Father Herman Porter of the Congregation of the Priests of the Sacred Heart, visited us at a volunteer meet-

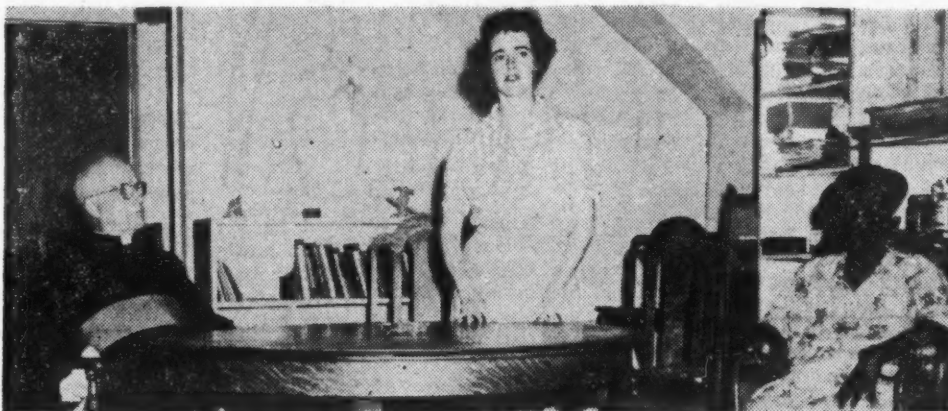
ing. Father is from the Archdiocese of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, and has been intensely interested in F.H. from its early beginnings. He spoke to us of the danger of discouragement when it is difficult to see tangible results and reminded us of the fact that material difficulties are a token of God's blessing.

More Staffworkers Needed

POSSIBILITIES for the work of Friendship House in Portland are limitless, but we are severely handicapped with only two full-time workers. We feel confident, though, that through the intercession of Blessed Martin and Our Lady, generous new full-time workers will come and our efforts to restore His Kingdom on earth will be multiplied.

Pat Delehanty

Opening of New Portland House



Left to right—Archbishop Edward D. Howard of Portland, Ore.; Ellen Rehkopf, director of Blessed Martin Friendship House; and Mrs. Annie Palmer.

workers or seminarians who spend part of their vacations with us, living the life of a staff worker and giving of their time and talents to the work of Friendship House. Working with the children, we've had Ann Gills from East Palestine, Ohio (whose talents also include making delicious bread); Mary Thoele from St. Cloud, Minn., a student at St. Catherine's in St. Paul; Jeanette Dady from Wabasha, Minn.; and Ann Marie Sobota from Patch Grove, Wis.—which we misnamed everything from "Cottage Grove" to "Cross Patch."

People from Many States

There were other Visiting Volunteers, too . . . Len Spangers, a seminarian with the Glenmary Missionaries in Glendale, Ohio, and seminarians Harry Hoeppler from St. Paul Seminary, Minn., and John Braun from St. John's Seminary, Collegeville, Minn. They did the hot, tiring work of scrubbing the kitchen ceiling so we could paint it. Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Daniell from Shreveport, La., who were so full of interest and zeal for our work that we are all hoping to find an opportunity to visit them in the Deep South.

THE TEEN AGERS' operetta (a huge success, by the way) would never have had its scenery ready—Andy Zeko insists— if Betty Nelson, College Park, Md., hadn't spent the preceding

week with us! And then there was Dick Wallace, Robbinsdale, Minn.—who had spent time with us before—here for his entire two weeks' vacation, repairing, painting, and cleaning . . . Jean Ruffing from Minnesota; Eugene Brey, Milwaukee, Wis.; John Westdorp, Grand Rapids,

Mich.; Louise Schlangen (her THIRD summer as a Visiting Volunteer) and Norma Zimmerman from St. Cloud, Minn.; Mary Clare Pfeffer, Fargo, N. D.; and Dave McWhirter, all the way from Los Angeles.

How encouraging it is to have so many people work with us!

(Continued on Page 6)

Fr. Dugan Gives Us His Blessing



Left to right—Muriel Zimmermann, Fr. Edward Dugan, chaplain of Harlem Friendship House, Mary Herzog, Richard Kemp, Frank Petta, Audrey Perry, Marge (don't know last name, sorry!) and Hubert Gerrety.

HARLEM PEOPLE ENJOY F. H. FARM

BLESSED MARTIN'S FARM

Montgomery, N. Y.

OUR DREAMS FOR Blessed Martin's Farm are coming true. We wish all of you who helped buy it and furnish it and support it could see it now. One young man took a color picture of the house when the rambler roses were blooming in front of it. The white walls, rose-red roof under a beautiful big white cloud in a blue, blue sky—what a lovely scene!

Funny Smell

Young boys from Harlem were there for their camping period when we visited. One of them had been exclaiming everywhere he went since he arrived, "Teacher, what's that funny smell?" Finally the seminarian in charge decided it must be fresh air. It was completely different from the New York air which is full of carbon monoxide and incinerator smoke.

GOING FISHING down the country road two by two, the boys looked like Foreign Legionnaires. Their towels were over their heads as a protection against the sun and their caps on top of them. Each carried a pole made of a tree branch with a string on the end, some hav-

ing cork floaters. One promised to catch me a fish.

Their dormitory was designed and built by a young architectural student who had been a member of our Friendship House Youth Club.

Forty Acres to Roam

Forty acres are theirs to roam around in, with a barn and woods and a brook and even a cactus patch on the southeast side of a shady knoll. Some of them were playing baseball. Others were chasing through the barn where the counsellors had guarded all dangerous spots. On rainy days they can play in the gym which is fixed up in the barn.

MEALS AND DOING the dishes are the only reasons why the boys come into the house. But during the girls' camp the girls wouldn't stay out of the kitchen. Mary Herzog from Minnesota and Marge, a young domestic science teacher from Vermont were cooking, and very good food, too. They had a unique statue of St. Martha to inspire them.

One of the boys had a stomach-ache and Muriel gave him a rather strong dose of peppermint oil. He said nothing but dashed for the dormitory. Next day the dessert was chocolate peppermint pudding. There was much whispering from the sufferer-of-the-night-before to others. Finally one courageous voice piped up, "Teacher, is there medicine in this pudding?"

Froggy Dear

OUR LITTLE FROG pond was raided by the girls during their stay at Blessed Martin's Farm. The frogs were left in a pail outside the kitchen door. For a last-night-in-camp lark one of the counsellors decided to set the frogs loose in the dormitory. Such confusion while the irate girls caught their frogs again! They insisted that they must have containers to keep and guard their precious catch beside their beds. One little girl was heard to say, "Goodnight, froggy dear. I love you. Kiss me goodnight!"

Next day the big station wagon (which Flights for Good Will bought for us) went back to Harlem loaded with little girls, each one with a bouquet

(Continued on Page 6)

Archbishop Blesses Friendship House



Archbishop Edward D. Howard of Portland, Oregon, and Rev. Fr. Donnelly, assistant pastor of Holy Trinity, with a group at the opening of the new Portland Friendship House. Back row—Judy de Pass; Mrs. Rehkopf; Fr. Donnelly, assistant pastor of Holy Trinity; Fr. Donnelly, assistant pastor of Holy Trinity; Fr. Donnelly, assistant pastor of Holy Trinity. Front row—Gayle Hyde; Thyra Brooks;

Visiting Volunteers to help "Mr. John" McCue with the summer children's program. The Visiting Volunteers are students of

How F. H. Work Is Supported

(Continued from Page 4)

We do appreciate how generously they give their time . . . and we are always very happy to be able to give others a closer view of our work. Again we realize—as with our many benefactors—what a tremendous responsibility and what a great privilege it is to be doing the work of Friendship House. Please pray with us that we may do the work well.

Study and Work

OUR "REGULAR" VOLUNTEERS have just completed the second month of their new Wednesday night programs . . . result of the Study Week End held at Childerley in June. The volunteers decided to make their Wednesday nights at Friendship House a time of more intensive study and work. Instead of having a supper-and-speaker each Wednesday, we now have a

study session from 7 to 8 p.m. and the rest of the evening devoted to work. One Wednesday a month there is a supper at 6:30 p.m. with a speaker.

During July we spent the "non-supper" evenings discussing the work of Friendship House and how volunteers can help in the different departments. Fr. Daniel M. Cantwell, our chaplain, gave an excellent series of talks during August on "The Divine Life." Coupled with the annual volunteer retreat August 29, 30, 31 at Childerley, given by Fr. Louis Putz, C.S.C., of Notre Dame, the volunteers look forward to the months ahead with a deepened understanding of what their responsibilities are in the work of restoring the world to Christ. Your prayers will help us keep that goal in view.

—Mary Dolan

Harlem People Enjoy F. H. Farm

(Continued from Page 5)

of flowers in one hand and her beloved frogs in her container in the other. The frog pond was silent for two nights after this catastrophe.

27 Years in City

MANY MOTHERS and their friends came up August 3 on busses from Harlem Friendship House. One woman went about delightedly picking wildflowers. She said "It's 27 years since I've been in the country." A few city parks with their grass that can't be walked on and their flowers that can't be picked are not enough. Volunteers come up also for their vacations from the city. Summer school students will hear Fr. Stack and Fr. Cantillon suggest how they can be real Christians in the world of today.

Rabbits and Heifers

Our garden had two misfor-

tunes this year, at least, besides the drought. Rabbits in great numbers came to eat it up. Then a neighbor's heifers got loose and trampled it. The neighbor says he'll give us some corn when it's ripe. But the young man who planted it feels very disappointed. If we could afford to fence in our garden it would help some.

Hard Work Not Magic

DREAMS DON'T COME TRUE by magic. Blessed Martin's Farm came true by hard work and sacrifice. Nathan Lincoln had a terrible time clearing the garden and planting it without enough tools. Audrey Perry cooked over a wood fire the first two summers for large crowds in the hot kitchen until some friends in Newburgh gave her a gas stove and had it installed. She had quite a time developing a work schedule which com-

bined Friendship House necessities of Mass, Prime and Compline with a farm life. The men worked very hard picking up furniture in the truck which the Trappists, then in Rhode Island, gave us.

The generous people who gave the excellent furniture could have obtained a good price for it but they gave it to us. Sisters gave us bedding. Friendship House workers had to go hungry for a while after the mortgage payments were made each summer. People, too many to mention, helped heroically. But all of them knew that they were doing it for love of God and their neighbor, trying to ransom captives from the ugly man-made prison of Harlem into the beautiful world God made for all His people. It is well worth the struggle. Mabel Knight

Load That Plate, Lift That Fork!

(Continued from Page 3)

zenship angle as if we'd just arrived at Ellis Island) and sang little ditties like "All We Want Is A Friendly World." Sitting stolidly in those pews, our little group—forgive me!—provided the living, if rather stark, example of: "We don't just talk and sing songs. We are."

If this smacks of spiritual pride—well, you're right. I did feel proud that day. Along with the pride I also had the sinking sensation that I was probably the most prejudiced soul in that entire crowd of five hundred assorted church women. Prejudiced, that is, in favor of the Catholic Church and its strong and unabashed supernatural approach to social issues. (Shed a tear, if you will, over its unhealing members but sing alleluia for the surefooted doctrine and supernatural strength that's there to lean upon, anyway.)

We also, like lambs to the slaughter, entered our first militant skirmish: the pending public housing bill, that practically tore our city hall apart. This was indeed a baptism by fire (for the bill was crushed to smithereens) but it at least opened our innocent eyes to the fact that it was Negro prejudice, pure and simple, that was at the basis of the crushing. Another valuable bit of training we picked up was in learning to interpret the fancy phrases that cloak cowardice, greed, and the endearing creed of "I gotta look out for myself first, don't I?"

In matters like this, twenty housewives are no match (to put it mildly) for the city politicians and real estate clique but it's something, at least, to get up on your hind legs and howl. Maybe bite an ankle or two, especially Catholic ankles, if the opportunity arises.

What twenty housewives can do—we hope, we hope—is inspire and encourage twenty other housewives, in other communities, to start their own Blessed Martin groups. Yet while I like to think this article might be helpful toward that end, I prefer to give only a sweeping summary of our experience rather than a detailed and blow-by-blow account of the things we've worked out together. If anyone wants details, write in. We'll send you a copy of our constitution, hot off the mimeograph press, along with our blessings. We loathe red

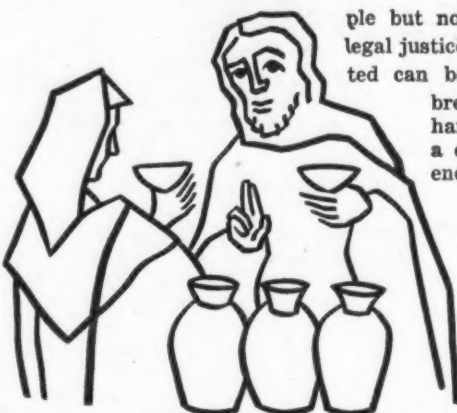
tape on principle and got along just fine without a constitution until recent outside requests started coming in. Hastily our group went into a huddle and tried to figure out just what our principles, if any, were. (Since principles weren't something you could eat, we were rather out of our natural orbit.) Still, it turned out fairly simple. We just looked around and saw what we had accomplished, willy-nilly, and said: "Sure. That's what we had in mind all along. Let's put it in English now."

Thus it is that our Purpose (not to be confused with our more eloquent Preamble) now reads: "1. Through study of the Catholic religion, as a common meeting ground, we hope to grow in grace and wisdom. 2. Negro and white members thus cooperating, we expect to attain a more complete understanding between the two races."

Straight Stuff

Just how much we've grown in grace and wisdom is something for the recording angels to judge, not us, but our efforts have certainly been on the level. That is, the religious study is not just a false front, a makeshift meeting ground for the racial purpose. (On the contrary, a group like this affords an ideal way to imbibe Christian truths because the race consciousness adds zest and point and poignancy to the various doctrines.) Too, the colored members are all converts, with non-Catholic husbands, and the majority of us whites are also adopted children: hence a general need and desire to "increase in grace and wisdom." To help us along the way, we've had the cream of the Notre Dame clerical crop for retreats and special talks, not to mention all the outside celebrities—such as Father Gerald Vann, to name but one—who come to us out of the love of God. Or free of charge, to put it more sordidly.

None of our material, incidentally, is watered down for the benefit of those with less formal education. (Which reminds me, lest you think we're terribly lopsided in this respect, that it so happens we have two Masters' degrees in our group: one belonging to a colored, one to a white member.) We are careful, however, to avoid—like a plague—anything longwinded or dull or pedantic: an excellent formula, if you ask me, for any group, any color, any race, any sex.



We also go in heavily for social "side excursions" although the element of edification behind our fine Southern hospitality, should be obvious to all. Such as the annual big tea we give for the nuns of Saint Mary's and the local parochial schools; the annual big picnic (fifty picnickers last summer), held at a local park, in order to bring our children together; meeting downtown together for lunch at a large "white man's land" tea room. Aside from the occasional rubbernecking that takes place (how we must baffle people!) no unpleasant incident has ever occurred. After all, we are ladies and we brandish nothing more dangerous than our raised forks.

So! Let no one think, for one little minute, that we are doggedly pursuing our way, secretly bored to death, but enduring it all for the Cause. Rather, the Cause—for which we were prepared to burn at the stake—has handed us so much downright fun that it doesn't quite seem orthodox. We've had wonderful times together and I can honestly say, with my hand on the new Knox bible, that I've never enjoyed any group in my whole life as much as this. Nor am I alone in my sentiments. Not a single member over the past five years has relinquished her membership: come illness, new babies, household dilemma, or bigger and better apostolic fields.

Obviously, we rather like ourselves. But has a group like this any intrinsic value in itself (outside of what we've gained) or any far-reaching influence?

Small Peanuts

Actually, we're very small peanuts and we know it. Yet I feel that a community group like this, that strikes in a personal way at prejudice based on "human feelings," has every bit as much value, in its own way, as the most triumphant passing of any civil rights legislature. The point is that laws can force peo-

ple but not convert them, and legal justice—grudgingly executed can be a cold and heart-breaking thing. (Like handing a fellow human a crust of bread on the end of a ten foot spear.)

There are also many snide and tricky ways of getting around laws.

So it's pretty important to strike at prejudice right where it hurts: the personal contact.

I have a very strong hunch that lurking behind the elaborate network of anti-Negro generalizations (lazy! shiftless! amoral! primitive! illiterate!) is the simple aversion to the Negro appearance. Else why don't we seek segregation of our white "Tobacco Road" brethren?

In one sentence, you can sum up the average decent citizen in his working philosophy: "I'm all for giving colored people a fair break—I ain't prejudiced!—but don't ask me to go near them."

And that's precisely what our group does ask. Personal contact on a friendly and social basis, is the best and quickest remedy on the market to wipe out that colored skin aversion or even awareness. I particularly recommend it for those just souls (and I fell sorry for them) who want to go all the way in their Christianity but just can't get their theology and their "feelings" to kiss and make up. Can these people, I wonder, take my word for it—for I wasn't reared, you know, with an exactly flaming affinity for my unknown colored sisters—that it's silly to regard this aversion as incurable?

It can be cured practically over the weekend—if you spend that weekend getting to know some Negroes as individual personalities, not just as a race to be helped or pitied or tolerated. Even when, with your will, you "love" the whole Negro race (meaning you don't damn them to Hell), I still don't think it's enough. I'm not exactly saying that Saint Peter will bar your entry into heaven but neither do I think that the Lord in person will dust off a special chair for you. Those special chairs, they tell me, are for the generous souls.

Home-Made Breadth

As I say, feel sorry for those Christians who bemoan their

prejudice and beat their bosoms in self-reproach, but I also say—in the same breath—that God helps those who help themselves.

What I'm also saying, still in that same breath, is that our group—in its beguiling rather than bludgeoning way—affords people this chance to help themselves. From the very beginning we have invited guests right and left to our meetings and these guests have included the curious, the violently prejudiced, the enthusiasts, the skeptical, and those who are just blank on the subject. And how do we break down any stiffness and resistance? The great common denominator: **FOOD**. All God's chillun may not have shoes but they've all got stomachs. And to get prejudiced souls eating with colored people, elbow to elbow in a private home, is to chalk up a rather significant victory. Once the horrible deed has been committed, with no erasing the stigma, the Superior Whites don't seem to mind their lowered estate one bit! In fact, first thing you know, they're eating and chatting away at a great clip. Even asking for recipes.

But wouldn't a plate of tasty soda crackers, instead of the array we set forth, serve just as well? I doubt it. We got off on this lavish plane because the colored members—all excellent cooks, several of them professional caterers—seemed to enjoy displaying their skill and heaven knows we enjoyed eating it. We soon discovered that this talent for beautiful food also had an apostolic value because, for one thing, the party atmosphere puts everything on a social basis. (Not a social worker basis). And we settle qualms about gluttony by telling ourselves: "If breaking bread together is man's earliest symbol of shared equality and friendship, why not pile our plates high while we're about it? . . ."

Shifting from stomachs to hearts, I would like—in conclusion—to answer a question that I hope is simmering in the subconscious of at least a few readers: "Wonder if a group like this would work in my community?"

All I can say is that more good inspirations are snuffed out by too much caution—that unholy caution, I mean, that leaves nothing to the Holy Ghost—than this world dreams of. The only reason I hesitate to offer the gilt-edged guarantee of success to others is that I strongly sus-

(Continued on Page 8)

His People Come to Christ

WALLS ARE CRUMBLING, Rev. John M. Oesterreicher. Published by Devin-Adair. \$5.00.

BISHOP SHEIL once made an unannounced appearance at a white-supremacy, anti-Semitic rally, and to a crowd seething with violence, denounced all the hate formulas espoused by the earlier speakers. Finished, the Bishop walked toward the door but a woman blocked his path and shrieked, "I'm a Catholic, but you, you—You're not a Catholic Bishop. God damn you! Nigger lover! Jew lover! A Bishop! Ha Ha! Rabbi Sheil!" She spat into his face and the crowd was silent. The Bishop waited momentarily, then spoke softly, "Rabbi? That is what they called our Lord," and walked out in silence.

When we recognize the truth of the Bishop's reply, that Christ himself was a Jew, we are puzzled by both Jewish scepticism and "Christian" persecution. In his book, **Walls Are Crumbling**, Reverend John M. Oesterreicher, in a kind of spiritual theophany, deals with this problem and comes up with some of the answers.

Gentile Persecution Built Wall

In the beginning, many Jews followed Christ (the apostles were Jews) but those that did not built a wall of separation between themselves and the Redeemer. In recent years, this wall, held together by the mortar of prejudice, has begun to crack and we have Karl Stern, Raissa Maritain and Simone Weil, to mention only a few great signposts not treated

in the book. Thus, the author states in his Preface:

"Jewish unbelief and, no less, Gentile persecution built a wall which kept the Jews from Christ, but now this wall is giving way, His name is uttered, He is seen again!"

This accounts for the subtitle: **Seven Jewish Philosophers to Christ.**

Father Oesterreicher takes seven modern Jewish philosophers and, with poetic scholarship, describes how their intellectual honesty and God's grace led them to Christ. However, the book is a great deal more than a philosophical analysis. The author, who is himself a famous Jewish scholar, writes with a great humanity and also with a compassion for those, who still are outside Christ's Mystical Body.

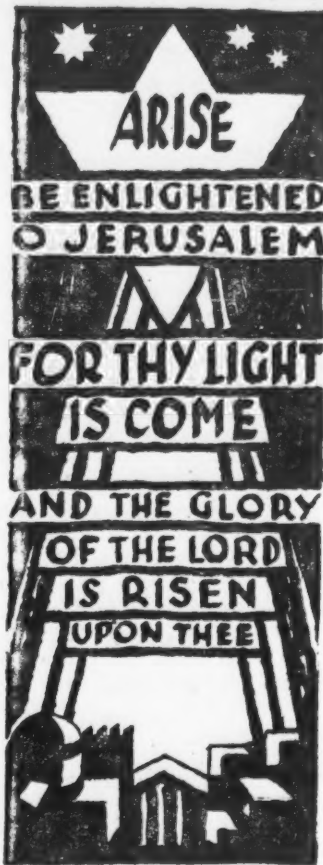
One might read this book as a study in metaphysics, existentialism or a survey of the philosophy of the leading thinkers of our day.

"So various are their starting points and their fields of inquiry that they are a little republic of philosophers, their work almost a modern *Summa*."

Despite the great benefit to the reader for this fount of ideas, the book has been criticized for just this reason; i.e., since these thinkers reflect the many-sided philosophical thought of our own day, how can it be said that the author has convinced us that it is Jews who have come to Christ?

Typical of Today's Jew

WHAT THESE CRITICS fail to realize is that these



seven are typical of many Jews of our time. Only one of them, Edith Stein, is a product of Orthodox Judaism. Yet even a modern agnostic Jew, steeped in naturalism and humanism and honestly searching for certitude by these means, knows that the mark of Zion is upon him and that his roots are in Israel. That is why our seven philosophers, initially almost unconscious of the fact that they were Jews, reaffirmed the faith of their fathers and once more stood at Sinai before welcoming Christ as their Master.

Jewish Zeal

The author recognizes the very tenuous connection between many contemporary Jews and the old tradition. He intimates, as did St. Paul in his letter to the Romans, that the only common denominator among Jews is their zeal: "Not even a Jew who makes Communism, science, or literature his god loses this mark, but its only true goal, its only congruous object, is the Kingship of God in Christ. And having discovered Him, the seven in this book are true Jews, an authentic voice." But not until they have seen the fulfillment of the Old Covenant in the Gospel do they fully know that which is true, good and beautiful in the old tradition and can say with the psalmist, "O Lord, how I have loved Thy law."

Universal Brotherhood—Christian Idea

ONE OF THE SEVEN, Paul Landsberg, sums up the new love of fulfillment; he calls on Christ, *liebster Licht*, dearest light:

"Thy beauty with its sword-sharp edge,
Hath halved me wholly, so that
but with Thee,
Thou two-in-one, I can be whole."

Edmund Husserl, whose thought is now making its impress throughout the world, declares on his deathbed: "Good Friday! What a wonderful day. Yes, Christ has forgiven us everything." Henri Bergson says: "Mankind had to wait till Christianity for the idea of universal brotherhood, with its implication of the equality of rights and the sanctity of the

Wayne Keith

Neither Honey Nor Hardtack

KINSHIPS, by Antonin Sertillanges, O.P., translated by the Dominican Nuns of Corpus Christi Monastery, Menlo Park, Calif.—McMullen, 1952, \$2.95.

NOTHING IS MORE difficult for the earnest Catholic who wants to do some spiritual reading than the finding of a book tailored to his measurements. He hopefully examines the heaped-up shelves and counters and rejects wearily the honey and the hardtack. To such a seeker "Kinships" will be like a drink of cold spring water on a muggy morning.

In this series of short invitations to reflection on the facets of man's triple relationship to God, neighbor and self, Pere Sertillanges, the late French Dominican philosopher and teacher, spreads out a veritable feast of thought about the Providence of God, the right attitudes toward love, worship and prayer

and the intimate daily contacts with one's fellows.

Rich in content and redolent with the cultivated and holy spirit of the author, this is a book to read, reread and read again. Running throughout like a bright thread is the need for happiness in holiness. "Christian joy is not merely a right, it is a duty, for it is the achievement of a soul in whom real values have established their supremacy and relegated all the others to their position of mediocrity, or at least, of relative inferiority. Christian joy is a testimony. What it denotes is: It is good to be in My Father's house; He loves me; His plans for me are tremendous; His secret presence already gladdens my heart; I have no need for good fortune to be happy; I am overwhelmed with happiness."

—Monica Durkin

Negro Football Star

(Continued from Page 2)

rant when members of his graduating class decided to stage a celebration after commencement.

"I'll never forget that night," said Montgomery. "I went home and fell across my bed and cried all night," adding, humorously, "I vowed the next day to go to college, get an education and make enough money to buy that restaurant and fire the whole bunch that ran it."

Montgomery didn't realize that discrimination had crept into the sports field until B.C. had booked a game with Florida. His teammates didn't know Lou had been refused permission to appear on the gridiron in that encounter

until a minute before game time, he said, and it had a bad effect on their morale. They lost to Florida, 7 to 0.

When the Cotton Bowl game came along that year, Lou said it was understood he couldn't play but his B.C. teammates insisted he make the trip to New Orleans. On this train ride into the Deep South, Montgomery got a first-hand picture of "real discrimination" the minute the train pulled out of Washington, D. C. He described several humorous incidents of that trip when he made a "number of firsts for the Negroes," with the strong-arm help of a couple of 270-pound linemen.

person, to become a working reality." "It is hard to say what one feels before the whole Christ," says Adolf Reinach, "in Him God's Being, outside of time and beyond the world, seems to unfold itself in time and before the world." Max Picard reflects: "Suddenly I saw that, in regard to baptism, my feelings, my likes and dislikes, mattered not at all; that I simply had to be where truth was."

Jewish Carmelite Martyr

EDITH STEIN, AN OUTSTANDING professor, became a bride of Christ, a Carmelite, and probably a martyr. Evidence is that she was taken from her cloister in Holland and "deported to the East" where she died in the gas chamber. For Max Scheler, Christian suffering is, above all, the fulfillment of Israel's wonder at the ways of God.

These seven, not all of them well-known in America, have been among the most influential thinkers and educators of modern Europe. Their contributions are still in ascendance. (Husserl is perhaps the most discussed philosopher in Europe today.)

That these seven great thinkers came to Christ after an examination of all contemporary theories in a framework of high intellectual freedom is strong testimony that God's grace and truth will prevail in a climate of intellectual honesty, unhindered by hate and prejudice. But when prejudice did come, these people who had occupied some of the highest posts in the universities of Germany and France, had to stop theorizing

and make a choice of the tools they had theretofore only cared to fashion and examine. They turned toward the Church in the face of the monstrous Nazi persecution, geared to torture and extinction. This was not to evade persecution; needless to say, being at once Jewish and Catholic, they represented what Nazism hated most, the flesh and the spirit of Jesus Christ.

Radiates Love

Walls Are Crumbling is very warm and radiates the Love which is Christ; that same Love which the seven turned to in time of crisis and which is also reflected in the author's devotion to his task. "When a Jew is baptized, he is nearer the fathers, nearer the prophets; the marvel of Jacob's ladder is worked again, the wonders of the Red Sea are wrought anew, and the new covenant of which Jeremiah speaks is engraved in his heart."

Perhaps some will be disappointed because they will not actually "see" the conversion from old to new take place. But are not conversions always beyond words, always imperceptible? God's gentle urgings can not be expressed by inadequate human phraseology. One tries to make certitude out of the confusion. His eyes are burning and his vision blurred. When light and peace come all that he can say of his metamorphosis is:

"The Lord made clay of spittle
And anointed my eyes
And I went, and I washed,
And I saw
And I had believed in God."

—Robert L. Eisen

Free Men Have Mutual Respect

THE AMERICAN DREAM, Rev. John A. O'Brien. Published by our Sunday Visitor and The National Conference of Christians and Jews. \$0.15.

IN ITS CEASELESS WAR against the United States, communist Russia has no more powerful ally than the weapon of racial intolerance and religious bigotry. If our strength and greatness as a nation are to be preserved, we must rout out the virus of distrust and hatred wherever it occurs."

With this powerful warning, Fr. O'Brien proceeds, in this very well written, 31-page booklet, to make a strong and convincing argument for brotherhood and understanding as opposed to the evils of prejudice and intolerance.

He reminds us that our way of life is founded on the Judeo-Christian tradition which insists that the recognition of the worth and dignity of the individual man is fundamental to democracy. The very purpose of our ancestors in founding this great nation rested on their common belief that for those men who recognize the True God, the right to exercise their free will in worshipping Him according to the dictates of their conscience must remain inviolate.

Catholics Must Cooperate

Fr. O'Brien also issues a warning, particularly to Catholics, that our refusal, in many instances, to cooperate with non-Catholics, even in purely temporal fields of endeavor such as promoting civil rights and clearing the slums, is drawing down upon us bitter criticism; much of which is justifiable. It is good to be reminded that our present

Holy Father has repeatedly called upon Catholics to join their non-Catholic brethren in the many fields of human activity in which men are working for a more peaceful and just world.

IN DEALING WITH PREJUDICE, Fr. O'Brien reminds us that the word itself means to pre-judge and he wields a sharp knife when he declares: "Since the breeding ground of our prejudices is our ignorance, we can get to the roots of the trouble only by replacing our darkness with light. Truth is the best vaccination against the virus of bigotry; for prejudice is a personality disease and the afflicted are like the carriers of typhoid: a menace to society."

The text of this interesting and valuable book is frequently punctuated with heart-warming examples of just how easily and happily men of different religions and races can live, work and play together if they will only bear in mind the great bond of brotherhood and love which is the common heritage of all. Free men working together with mutual respect for one another cannot help but maintain that treasured freedom, which divided by hatred and mistrust, we will so surely lose.

The least that can be said for this little book is that it is a very valuable addition to the literature available in the field of human relations. Fr. O'Brien is indeed the dreamer of *The American Dream*, the dream of love and understanding and fellowship. We hope that all who read this work will join the never-ceasing struggle to make the dream a reality.

FEPC Affects Only Employers of 50 or More Men

Sen. Humphrey Explains Fair Employment Bill

By Jean Lang Dillon and John Connors

THE NEXT TWO MONTHS of political activity are crucial ones for the chances of federal protection of civil rights. To keep its readers informed on this major issue, the Catholic Interracialist secured an interview with Senator Hubert H. Humphrey (D. Minn.) concerning a federal fair employment practices act. Here, somewhat condensed, is the substance of the Senator's replies.

(This interview was held before the Convention. It is interesting to see how Sen. Humphrey's predictions turned out.)

Q.—"Will the Democratic party platform for 1952 contain a pledge of a federal Fair Employment Practices Commission with enforcement powers?"

Sen. H.—"Yes, we hope to have it in the platform just as in '48. I think the chances are very good that it will be there."

Q.—"Will the platform contain anything on a change in the cloture rule to prevent a filibuster on civil rights bills?"

Sen. H.—"Probably not. There may be some effort in the platform committee but it will probably not be in the platform. But, if any determined effort is made to weaken the platform (on civil rights) they will get a real fight and we may well put in cloture, too."

Q.—"What kind of a cloture rule do you favor, Senator?"

Sen. H.—"A simple majority of those present and voting, with due protection for the right to be heard, would be fine. This would mean that cloture could not take place until after, say ten days of debate. A two-thirds majority of those present and voting might be satisfactory. In either event, cloture would apply to all discussion, including discussion on motions and resolutions as well as debate on the bill itself. This would be a big improvement."

Q.—"What do you think of leaving F.E.P.C. to the states, as Eisenhower suggested today?"

Sen. H.—"Did you read Eisenhower's whole statement? If he means what he said he ought to be in favor of my present F.E.P.C. bill. He said he was unalterably in favor of fairness and equality for all American citizens and that the federal government should unequivocally support this principle by all possible means, expenditures and policies, but that on F.E.P.C. more can be done by getting state leadership. In my present bill, the federal government can cede the right of enforcement to any state or local government which meets minimum federal standards. It works like Unemployment Compensation Insurance. This would have many administrative advantages. The federal government would only

step in where a state failed to protect the rights of its citizens, who are after all citizens of the United States as well as of their own states and must have protection. This bill sounds very much like what Eisenhower says he wants."

Q.—"What do you think of the proposal for a strictly educational F.E.P.C.?"

Sen. H.—"F.E.P.C. is educational. The word 'compulsory' is the wrong term for it. F.E.P.C. would have regional advisory councils composed of prominent citizens, who would promote education on fair employment practices in their respective regions. The whole administration of the law would rely heavily on education, especially on mediation and conciliation of every violation investigated. Only if all attempts at persuasion and conciliation fail would the Commission go to the court for a cease and desist order. We need an educational F.E.P.C., but one with power to obtain compliance from the few who might refuse to go along through education."

FEPC Effects Only Large Co.

"Opponents of the law are trying to whip up resentment and fear among small storekeepers and businessmen. The law would only apply to employers of 50 or more who are engaged in interstate commerce, so only 70,000 of the 3,500,000 companies in the United States would be subject to the law. The others would not in any way be subject to its provisions. This also makes administration much easier. Naturally the states can apply their laws to smaller firms if they choose."

Q.—"How is the president's new Committee on Contract Compliance doing in abolishing discrimination?"

Sen. H.—"We have looked into that committee very carefully and under Mr. Palmer's leadership it is doing a quiet but very effective job by insisting on compliance with the non-discrimination clause in federal contracts. It is limited in its powers and scope but it is doing very well."

Q.—"How is the fair employment program working out in the federal civil service?"

Sen. H.—"It is working out very well. . . . It isn't always everything we want it to be, but there has been a tremendous

change. Democracy is not perfection; it is beginning. On any program like this it takes time for the dust to settle. It has had a very good effect on personnel officers. They know now exactly what the government wants. The president's integration policy for the armed services has also made excellent progress."

Q.—"What are the chances of passing F.E.P.C. next year if the Democrats win the election?"

All Depends on Cloture

Sen. H.—"It all depends on the fight over cloture. If we can get cloture we can win hands down. There is a pretty good chance."

Opening of Portland Friendship House



Left to right: Sister Mariel of Social Service Sisters; Mrs. Thelma de Pass; Sister Ignatia; name unknown; John Gill, Director of National Conference of Christians and Jews; Thomas Stapleton; Margaret Lee; Edward Scott; Mrs. Gladys McCoy. The last four are volunteer workers at Blessed Martin Friendship House. Psalm verse calligraphy by Rev. John Domin.

Load That Plate!

(Continued from Page 6)

pect that our group was singularly blessed, right from the start. It rather looks as if God had made smooth our path in a very particular fashion; as if He—knowing how easily we could fall flat on our faces—didn't quite dare to give us the usual rough testing of the spirit.

One is tempted to conclude, therefore, that this must have been a project dear to His heart. Isn't that enough for you to go on?

* Editor's Note: This is an undeserved compliment. Several, at least, of our staff confess to the sin of gluttony.

conditions into which exploitation has driven much of the Negro population. But his embarrassment is all too often expressed in terms of contempt.

The black, on the other hand, lives in a state of misery which deprives him of the possibility of experiencing human dignity. He hates the white man for his seeming inability to do anything to alleviate such wretchedness and is ready prey to any suggestion of criminal or political rebellion against the white boss.

The film is shot through with human pity and is one of the most moving accounts we have yet had of the colour problem. It is an excellent example of the manner in which films cannot only entertain but also elevate.

Good Film---"Cry the Beloved Country"

by J. A. V. Burke

(Reprinted from the English Catholic Worker, London, England)

POPE PIUS XI said that good motion pictures could help to create understanding among nations, social classes and races. There have been a number of films recently which have tried to deal with the misunderstandings which exist between white and colored folk.

One of the best is the British film, "Cry the Beloved Country." It comes at a very opportune moment when many of us in this country are disturbed by events in South Africa and the seeming intolerance of the ruling caste.

THE film is taken from the novel by Alan Paton who collaborated with Zoltan Korda in its production. It is very well made and helps one to appre-

ciate the difficulty of the situation existing, at least in Johannesburg. The chief characters are two fathers, a white and a black.

The son of the white man is killed by the son of the black. The black man is a minister and loathes violence. The white man is prejudiced against the blacks but his son was their protector. The two fathers come to understand and admire one another through the charity expressed for all men by the son who was devoting his life to the cause of the native population.

One thing which the film does for us is to enable us to see how the white man in South Africa (and presumably elsewhere) is embarrassed by the wretched

Anne Foley Received Award

TWO AWARDS HAVE come this year to Anne Foley, director of Friendship House of Harlem. First was the Vulcan Award. The second was the Schaefer Achievement Award, received on June 17 at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York. The \$500 which came with it she promptly spent for the mortgage payment on Blessed Martin's Farm.

The inscription on the medal reads, "Satisfaction Gained from Unselfish Toil — Schaefer Achievement Medal — Awarded

to Anne Foley for Meritorious and Unselfish Service."

Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., associate editor of "America," is a member of the award committee; also Dr. Louis Wright, of the medical board of Harlem Hospital; Mr. Louis Fair, Jr., grand master of Masons in the State of New York; Dr. C. B. Powell, Publisher of the New York Amsterdam News; Hon. Myles Paige, judge of Special Sessions Court; and Hon. Maximilian Moss, Justice of the New York State Supreme Court.

Q.—"What are the chances for F.E.P.C. if the Republicans win?"

Sen. H.—"I would say they look very slim."

After praising the work of the Catholic Interracialist with which he is familiar, Senator Humphrey returned to the Senate floor.

Upon the outcome of the

battle for fair employment legislation depends whether America will be a democracy or a tyranny. Democracy stands or falls on its respect for the rights and dignity of its minorities. The decisions of the politicians in the next few months are crucial. You, the voter, are the power behind the throne. Speak up, work, and pray NOW.

It Is Christ Who Is Turned Out

"**WHATSOEVER** YOU do unto one of these my least brethren you do unto me" . . . There is no need for statistics, no need for distinction and subdistinction. It is Christ who is turned out of your school, out of your church, out of your hospital. It is Christ who is ordered out of your restaurant, out of your neighborhood. . . . It is Christ who is insulted, humiliated. Yet often it has been my experience in discussing the question with certain Christians that reference to these words of Christ is met with blank looks all around."

—Rev. George Dunne, S.J., "The Sin of Segregation," Commonweal, Sept. 21, 1945.

(Reprinted from Catholics Speak on Race Relations compiled by Rev. Daniel Cantwell, published by Fides Press.)

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